

The Evening World's

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POLAR EXPLORATION.

The current month has seen the return of two polar expeditions. Baldwin's comes back empty-handed except for the quarrel that seems an inevitable accompaniment of such voyages. Yesterday the Windward, bearing Lieut. Peary, sailed into the harbor of Sydney and returned its adventurous commander to civilization after four years' absence.

We rejoice at the intrepid explorer's safe home-coming and are pleased to hear from his own lips that his expedition was "the most successful that has ever tried to find the pole," and one on which "important scientific discoveries were made." The Lieutenant did not get as near to the pole as we are to Pittsburgh—not as near as Abuzzel or Nansen got—but there may be compensatory glory for his American countrymen in the "important scientific discoveries."

What these are we must wait to learn more definitely before we can regard them as invaluable contributions to the world's stock of information. The Lieutenant says that he discovered Greenland to be an island, which is interesting, and that there is no open polar sea, which no one lately has very seriously believed. And among the tangible evidences of his discoveries he brings with him an Arctic menagerie—musk ox, walrus, polar hare, &c., a bonanza for a Barnum. There may be much more besides, but ice floes furnish a somewhat barren region of research.

Still there is no disposition to discredit the explorer's achievement. It was a praiseworthy undertaking. The search for the pole invites points of comparison with the ancient quest of the Holy Grail. When Sir Galahad arrives at the destined point it will be in the footsteps of those who have gone before. If each explorer, letting go all considerations of personal triumph, were to seek only to blaze a way for his successors by establishing a line of stores, caches, bases of supplies, reaching well toward the pole some persistent spirit might be enabled by their help to get there eventually.

Bargain-Crowd Terrors.—A woman shopper has been badly crushed and her ankles broken in a department store bargain crowd. The cartoonists showed such an incident long ago. Now truth comes to the aid of fiction.

IMPROPER PICTURES.

In the course of some editorial remarks last week on the crimson hue of life in the Tenderloin The Evening World said:

Even the casual observer notices on the newstands and elsewhere illustrated "dramatic" literature that would once have affronted Anthony Comstock's eye as a red flag a bull's. What has become of that vigilant custodian of the community's morals? In sensual suggestiveness this literature quite equals the police gazette "art work" of an earlier day. It is one of the by-products of the wide-open condition of affairs, but on one hears of any attempt to suppress it.

Yesterday Mr. Comstock, accompanied by one of his agents and two policemen of the Criminal Courts squad, raided the publication office of a flashy and offensive periodical in West Forty-second street. The raiding party arrested three employees and removed a wagon-load of the "literature" in question. The prisoners are charged with circulating obscene literature.

The raid was a commendable piece of work. School-boys from time immemorial have been exposed to the temptation of seeing improper pictures. The open and flagrant manner in which suggestive illustrations are now displayed before young eyes is deplorable. It is one of the results of the misuse of the cheap process work which makes the reproduction of a photograph so simple and inexpensive a form of illustration.

Coal Up 100 Per Cent.—The first shipment of stove coal since the strike was retailed yesterday at \$10.45 a ton. It is a prohibitive price for the poor, double the price asked before the strike. It means distress and misery in many homes.

THE STREET CAR SERVICE.

Congratulations are offered the Metropolitan Street Railway Company for its enterprise in extending the use of electricity on its lines so that now it provides passengers with nine through routes north and south and several cross-town lines. The banishment of the horsecar will soon be accomplished. Those of the new connecting lines which tap the North River ferries at Christopher and Cortlandt streets are especially satisfactory to the public.

These congratulations are bestowed as on a successful merchant enlarging his store to meet the demands of an increased business. What a public spirit had to do with the improvement it is not necessary to discuss here. When human cargoes are to be carried facilities must be provided, just as for live stock.

THE NEW JERSEY TRAGEDY.

New Jersey provides the news of the day with a grisly tragedy. A woman's body in a canal bound with cords and weighted down with iron. The plans for concealing the evidence of crime were carefully made except for the usual little error of judgment on the murderer's part. The body was cast into tide water and the ebb revealed it.

If it were not for these slips Sherlock Holmes would find his occupation gone. By some fatality a murderer may be counted on to make them and in them usually lies the clue to his conviction.

THE MCGOVERN-CORBETT MILL.

Some of the ablest legal talent of Kentucky, a breeding ground of lawyers, is enlisted in an effort to determine just how hard the blows should be with which McGovern and Young Corbett will strike each other when they come together in Louisville Monday. The State's Appellate Court, perhaps next to New York's the ablest State court in the nation, begins to-day to sit overtime to determine the delicate questions involved in the injunction granted by Judge Field, of Louisville.

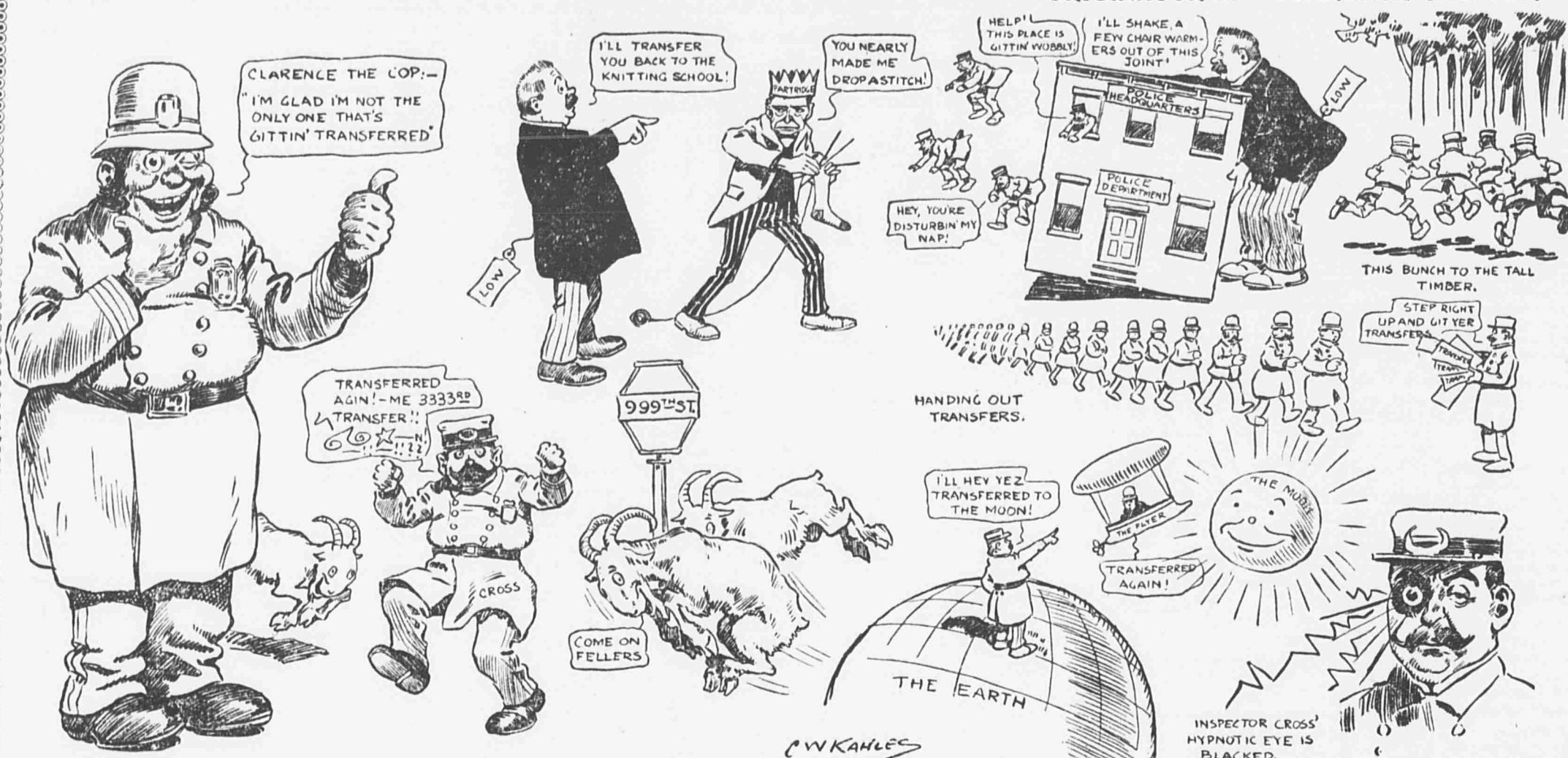
Judge Field is of the opinion that the fight is not to be a boxing match but a pugilistic contest. He seems not to consider that when these young sports get together what to an ordinary man, the Judge himself would be a knockout blow is to them a love-tap. What does a hardy young athlete care for a jolt in the jaw or a friendly punch in the solar plexus? It is as the paw of a kitten descending on its mate in its gambols. Rough-house, claret-tapping, upper-cuts, these are but forms of exercise such as the boys need to keep themselves in good physical condition. As the home of sport Kentucky, if it sustains Judge Field, will seem to be growing puritanic.



Evening World's

THE FUNNY SIDE OF LIFE.

THE POLICE DEPARTMENT UPHEAVAL. AS VIEWED BY ARTIST KAHLES. ORIGINATOR OF "CLARENCE THE COP."



A FEW REMARKS.

Just a little riot.
Just a little charge
'Ginst a bunch of p'licemen.
P'licemen still at large.
Now they're in hot water.
Fate is sure but slow.
While their hopes may still run high
All their fears are low.

Two hold-ups in City Hall Park!



What an object lesson to Chicago!

When Boris "sees life" in our old Gotham town
'Twill add to his usual zest
To know that in filling chic slippers
with wine
He'll apply "the capacity test."
May this be the tidings he carries away
To herald through Europe's gay courts:
"Gothem chorus girls' slippers hold
barely a pint.
While those of Chicago hold quarts!"

America can truthfully return all the kind things the Duchess of Marlborough said about it.

Newsboys are still debating as to whether Morgan's donated dollar was lavished in the spirit of a Carnegie library or merely invested to clinch a future Newsboys' Trust.

South America's revolutions are becoming as rapid as those of an automobile wheel. And pretty nearly as dangerous to life and limb.

Has Devery just confessed where he got it in his statement: "McGuire got his money crooked and I got mine as honest as he did?"

Artist Hare says Baldwin was timid in the arctic expedition. As if the weather they hand out up there wasn't enough to give any man "cold feet!"

The next Ninth District "outing" will



Devery thinks, be in the general direction of Washington.

Prof. Leo Stevens still coyly shrinks from annexing himself to the ranks of sky-scrappers.

One trembles for the Philadelphia Judge who refused a charter for Christian Scientists should a locomotive or trolley car pass over him. Surely no hope can be had for such an unbeliever.

JOKES OF OUR OWN.

A GOOD REASON.

"Is she really so superstitious?"
"I should say so! Why, she actually refused me for no other reason than that it would be her thirteenth engagement for the summer."

OUT AND IN.

The ins and outs of windows now are odd beyond all doubt.
No sooner are the screens called in Than the weather strip's called out.

AN IMPOSSIBILITY.

"He says he rather enjoys talking with people less clever than himself."
"When did he ever get the chance?"

A PRECAUTION.

Landlady—What do you do for a living?
Applicant—I jump from springboards at aquatic exhibitions.
Landlady—You do, eh? Well, you'll pay in advance, then. I don't care to have any board-jumpin' done here.

ONE CONSOLATION.

The mercury is going down.
The price of coal stays up.
But still one drop of joy remains
In poverty's grim cup.
For, though to cough up ten per ton
For coal, may not be nice,
The cold that makes us buy more coal
Lets us recoup on ice.

BORROWED JOKES.

A SOLITARY EXCEPTION.

"Our officials should understand that Uncle Sam expects every man of them to do his duty."
"All except the Customs officials, of course. He expects them to collect it!"
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

CARE.

"I understand he runs his auto very carefully," said the first chauffeur.
"Extremely so," replied the other.
"He always makes sure to comply with the law and toot his horn just before he strikes anybody." — Philadelphia Press.

AN EAVESDROPPER.

Hook—Here's something about a fellow who was killed eavesdropping.
Nix—Eavesdropping?
Hook—Yes; he fell from a roof.—Philadelphia Record.

UNEXPECTED FRANKNESS.

"This is a French novel, isn't it?" asked the customer.
"No," said the bookseller. "It's an American imitation of one. It isn't bright. It's merely nasty." — Chicago Tribune.

TIMELY LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

A Stepmother's Advice.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
In answer to the reader who asks as to the treatment of stepmothers, let me say that I married a man with four grown children and never thought of having them call me "mother." I had them call me by my first name. Had they been small, it would have been different.

Queries for Bird Lovers.

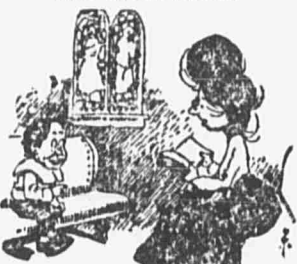
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I have a canary of which I am very fond. He is a beautiful singer and in excellent health. I feed and water him daily and give him a clean cage each day. I also put a bath in his cage each day, but he utterly refuses to bathe.

NOTHING IN IT.



Caller—I want to consult you about this bill.
Young Lawyer—Certainly, sir. I am ready to give counsel. State the case, if you please.
Caller—Well, when are you going to pay it? It's the bill for painting your sign.

NO WONDER.



Teacher—Henry, where did the ark land?
Henry (Chicago boy)—On de Ararat street tunnel, ma'am.

FITTING EXPRESSION.



Reginald—Miss Wose, don't you think my imported Egyptian cigarettes are fine?
Miss Rose—Yes, they are perfectly killing.

HIS LAST JOURNEY.

First Citizen—Well, old man Booser has been driven out of town at last.
Second Citizen—You don't say! By the police?
First Citizen—No, the undertaker.
—Indianapolis News.

WHERE HE LOST GROUND.



Young Architect—Miss Sweet, I must thank you for those specimens of a fine durable floor tile that you sent me. They—
Miss Sweet—Ties? Why, those were fudges that I made myself!

WORKING OVERTIME.



Bess—So you and your fiancé had a quarrel, did you?
Nell—Yes; but we are making up now.
Bess—Making up?
Nell—Yes—for lost time, you know.

INCIDENTS IN ANIMAL LAND.

A MARTIAL MARCH.



Dude Monk—Where are you going in that uniform?
Uniform Monk—I am going to Italy to join the hand-organ brigade.

A HEAVY-WEIGHT.



Mrs. Hippo—Did you know I was invited to take a trip with Santos-Dumont?
Mr. Rabbit—Well, he must want an anchor pretty bad.

HIS PUNISHMENT.



Eel—I haven't seen Tommy Fish lately.
Fish—I know you haven't. He got pulled in for stealing bait.

UPTO DATE.

Jerusalem is now supplied with water from King Solomon's "Sealed Fountain," seven miles south of the city. The water is conveyed partly through modern iron pipes, but partly by the old aqueduct known as Solomon's Aqueduct.

KANSAS ANTS.

A plague of ants is the latest outbreak in Kansas.

SOMEBODIES.

BAJNOTTI, PAUL—Italian Consul-General at Liverpool, England, offers to erect, in memory of his wife, Barrie Brown Bajnotti, a clock tower to cost not less than \$30,000, on the campus of Brown University.

DAY, HORACE—of New Haven, Conn., owns the complete bedroom set that once belonged to Lord Percy of Revolutionary fame.

DEWEY, JUDGE H. S.—a cousin to the Admiral, is talked of as a Republican candidate for Mayor of Boston.

SPOONER, SENATOR—of Wisconsin, may be regarded by many as a freak. He says he wants no more money than he has.

ODDITY CORNER.

PUZZLE PICTURE.



Where is the family, father, mother and daughter, who are about to dine?

PAPER COAL.

Paper coal is a form of lignite found near Bonn, in Germany. It splits naturally in films as thin as paper.

OUR CORN LANDS.

If all the land in the United States planted in corn this year was matted its area would equal the British Isles, Holland and Belgium combined.

A MATCH TELEGRAPH.

Place match A crosswise over match B in such a way that the head of A touches the table, while the other end points up. On the end pointing up the end of a third match is laid, without lifting the head of A from the table. The head of A can only be lifted by pressing on match C. Place a fourth

ANIMAL INSANITY.

The physical effects of violent emotion are shown by hysteria and various forms of insanity in animals as well as in man.

SHE HAD GOOD SENSE.

A Sioux City woman refused the demand of her husband that she cut off her hair, don man's apparel and beat her way to Seattle with him in a box car.

THE BOWERY GIRL'S DRIVE.

Owen Kildare and "The Party" Take a Peep at Fifth Avenue.

Listen! They who know least about New York are the born New Yorkers.

There is no nook or corner in our neighborhood which The Party and me don't know and can't find; but take us a few blocks away from there and we're like two babes in the woods.

"If the Bowery has changed as it has in the last five years there must be also changes in other parts of the city, and they might be worth looking at," I thought, and put the case before The Party.

She agreed that there might be something in that, and last Sunday, after taking care of one of the top drawers, we started out to see Fifth Avenue—to compare its present condition with its former one, just as if we could tell the one from the other.

Instead of the car, we went over to Bleeker street and climbed up on the top of one of those stages.

Well, one of these days The Party and me is going to take a ride in one of those automobiles, but until then this ride would have been the best ever if it had not been spoiled by one of those people who can never be satisfied until they find a flaw in everything.

Right behind us sat two women who knew no more about Fifth Avenue than we did, and they were escorted by a very wise and brilliant young man.

What a glorious panorama!

Coming up the hill which winds up at about Forty-second street, I looked about me and said to The Party: "Ain't it a great and proud thing to be a New Yorker and to have a share in all this?"

To which she answered a fervid "Yes."

Just then the brilliant chap was especially wise. Pointing here and there, at houses, carriages and people, he had a scrap of scandal to tell about each and every one of them. Now it was a divorce he was reciting, then he knew something about the son of the man who owned that palace, and so on.

There was The Party and me out for a little pleasure, and this trousseaued gossip trying to spoil it. Besides, if his talk suited his lady friends it didn't suit mine, and I arose to the occasion.

When he was getting down from the stage he told the driver that "such obnoxious persons" should not be permitted to ride, but he was too small to climb down after, and besides, his lady friends were laughing at him.

The Party promptly called me down for losing my temper, and then got a little closer and said: "Now we can enjoy the sights without having to listen to the hidden sorrows of the people. I guess we all got troubles, but it is best not to stick your nose into those of other persons. Anyway, you shouldn't be so hasty."

And then I didn't count the call down.

OWEN KILDARE